

## Her Legacy

Mother was on a Mother pedestal and there she will forever be. Our relationship was always mother-daughter, never friend-friend. I was a project to be completed in Mother's eyes. She was a respected image of a woman, wife and mother in mine.

Sept. 26, 1932, Tokyo - I wrote Mother about not butting in, etc. I'm awfully sorry Kathie. Maybe I scared her this time. I can't understand her at all.

I thrived from Mother's verbal blessings. They were constant and uplifting. "You can be an artist/writer/teacher," sounded her coaxings of confidence. "Just keep trying. Remember the Little Engine That Could." After I married and moved away, there was an empty echo in the air that I kept listening for. Mother's endowment of pet names for each of us, such as "dear", "bunny", "rabbit", "darling", made us feel special. We, in turn, took to calling her, "Mother Mouse", after leaving home.

June 4, 1929, Buenos Aires - Well, Mother Cat, I have to get back to work now... tell Arthur to have a swim for me.

I have not described Mother physically. Now I know why. Even though she was beautiful, it was her gentle spirit I perceived, followed and loved and that is the part of her that will be with me always. flnurwpjrr JJ(nj